The Tragedie of
HAMLET
Prince of Denmarke.

Enter Bernardo, and Franciſco, two Centinels.

Bar. VVHoſe there?
Fran. Nay anſwer me. Stand and vnfold your ſelfe.
Bar. Long liue the King.
Fran. *Barnardo.*
Bar. Hee.
Fran. You come moſt carefully vpon your houre,
Bar. Tis now ſtrooke twelue, get thee to bed *Franciſco.*
Fran. For this reliefe much thanks, tis bitter cold,
And I am ſick at heart.
Bar. Haue you had quiet guard?
Fran. Not a Mouſe ſtirring.
Bar. Well, good night:
If you doe meete *Horatio* and *Marcellus*,
The riuals of my watch, bid them make haſt.
Enter Horatio and Marcellus.
Fran. I thinke I heare them, ſtand ho, who is there?
Hora. Friends to this ground.
Mar. And Leegemen to the Dane,
Fran. Giue you good night.
Mar. O, farewell honeſt ſouldiers, who hath reliu'd you?
Fran. *Bernardo* hath my place; giue you good night. *Exit Fran.*